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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

A KANSAS TEMPERANCE MAN.—The Rev. T. Kidware, of Kansas, who recently retired from active service in the pulpit to open a hotel on "Christian principles," is, according to reports, successful in his new missionary enterprise beyond his fondest hopes, and is bringing the sanctuary and his barroom into such close relations that all his old friends are absolutely astounded. One of his ingenious plans for making a good profit on his whisky and at the same time discourage excessive drinking, is as follows: A large placard framed in glass and hung just over the clock behind the bar bears this inscription: "The good book teaches us that to secure entrance into the kingdom of heaven we must become as little children. Moral—Little children are always satisfied with light drinks." Another inscription over the door reads: "Emerson beautifully says, 'We lose the best part of life by letting little pleasures of life slip by us.' Moral—A light 'nip' is chief among the little pleasures of life, but anything over a finger and a half is an abomination in the sight of the Lord." Other signs inculcating the same lessons of moderation are scattered about, and, to crown all, the ex-clergyman employs a stalwart "bouncer" to look after such stony-hearted and depraved customers as refuse to conform to the advice and suggestions laid down for the protection of their morals. Church people throughout the State are watching the reverend gentleman's experiment with absorbing interest, attended, it must be confessed, by some slight misgivings. —[Topeka Letter.]

THREE THINGS.—"I once met a thoughtful scholar," says Bishop Whipple, "who told me that for years he read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. Tonight I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me alone blind. Second: I have a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream. Third: I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."

THEY DID NOT RESIGN.—"Gentlemen," said an old-fashioned Baltimore merchant, as he called his clerks around him, "I have decided to make a new departure. I shall put in a clerk who will hereafter handle all the money and make all the change." There was a great sensation among them at once, with muttered threats about resigning. "But, gentlemen," he continued, "to prove that this step is no imposition on your honesty, I will agree to advance every clerk's wages to cover the amount he has been in the habit of forgetting to deposit in the drawer at night. Please hand in your figures this afternoon."

The new departure was inaugurated without a single resignation being offered or any figures submitted. —[Wall Street News.]

A young man at the risk of his life, saved a young girl from drowning. Her grateful father, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said: "Noble youth, to you I am indebted for everything that makes life dear to me. What reward will you take, \$200,000 or my daughter?" "I'll take the daughter," replied the hero, thinking thereby to get both the girl and the money. "You have well chosen," replied the grateful father, "I could not have given you the \$200,000 just yet anyhow, as I have not yet laid out that amount, being only an editor, but my daughter is yours for life. God bless you my children." —[Philadelphia Item.]

Sir John Lubbock, who has spent many years in studying the habits of ants and insects, has at present in his possession one of the strangest domestic pets ever exhibited. It is a tame wasp, which recognizes his voice, comes at his call, eats sugar from his hand and allows him to stroke it with his finger, even on that portion of its anatomy where it is stinging situated. The wasp seems to be quite happy in its captivity, and although it greatly enjoys an "outing," at Sir John's command it promptly returns to its bottle, which it seems to regard as its home.

San Francisco papers are advertising rat and squirrel poison that is said to have the excellent quality of killing the animal, drying up its insides, and tanning the skin.

A certain rich man says of his wealth: "This is what I have often sighed for, even cried for, sometimes tied for, and nearly died for; why should I let it slide for?"

Be Gay and Mirthful

Henry Ward Beecher in one of his recent Sunday sermons said:

"To all the young that are coming into the church I say, be young, be gay, be hopeful, be mirthful. If God has given you a sparkling disposition, thank God and educate it. While it is not the end of your life to have the joy that comes from these qualities, it is the privilege of your life to perform all your duties under its influence and they can be performed in no other way so well. The world needs just such a development of christianity. The world is full of sorrow; it needs cheer. It is full of despondency; it needs hope. It is full of cowardice; it needs courage. It travels in pain; it needs a healthful atmosphere, sweet and balmy and radiant. It wants a singing christianity. It wants the messenger of Christ to be a light bearer and no man has a right to make a dark lantern to go home and open the light to himself and family alone. They that carry a burdensome, worn-out face dishonor God. It is contrary to His saying. It is saying substantially to the world that all hope, all the promise of the divine presence, all the love which is poured like an atmosphere around about us every day from the bosom of Jesus Christ, is false and wrong. The man that carries a doubting, wearied, saddened face misrepresents the religion of Christ."

ONE LAST REQUEST.—He had never told his love, their acquaintance had been a very short one, and when he had suddenly placed her arms around his neck and imprinted a huge kiss upon her rosy cheek, she was naturally startled. "Sir," she said, "this is insufferable." "Forgive me!" he cried. "I was mad to act thus. I beg you, pardon me." "No, I can never forgive you, never. You have forfeited my friendship. You must leave me at once and forever." Vainly he pleaded; she was obdurate. So glaring an offense could not be condoned. And so he said he would go. His whole life would be embittered, for he felt that her image could never be effaced from his heart. "I will go," he said sadly, "but before I leave there is one boon that I would ask. I feel that I am not unreasonable in desiring and expecting that you will grant this one little favor." "What is it?" she asked, gently, touched by his emotion. "Won't you please take your arms from around my neck?"

There would appear to be a great deal of human simplicity in Boston. We have heard a great deal about its culture and its dignity, but the affectionate tenderness of the Boston girls of an equally superior and touching quality. They have dogs in Boston. I don't know what they call them there, but they have them. To those who believe that nothing but heavy literature is permitted there, to prove that they have relaxation and amusements and sympathetic occupation, let me quote from a letter from a lady in that city to a friend here:

"You will have to excuse a short letter, because I am very busy. I am bringing up nine Newfoundland pups on the bottle, and it's an engrossing duty."

The name of Jefferson Davis will always thrill the Southern heart; and whatever is dear to Jefferson Davis will always be cherished by the Southern people—not because the Southern people are disloyal, but because Jefferson Davis was their leader in a time of trial and shared their defeat, humiliation and woe. It was a graceful compliment, then, that was paid to Jefferson Davis when the old veterans who had followed the now furling banner to victory, and did not desert it in defeat, crowned the old Chief's lovely daughter as the child of the dead Confederacy. —[Louisville Times.]

"I suppose," said Hamlet, after he had registered, to the hotel clerk, "that when a guest has no baggage his personal appearance has more or less to do with making him pay in advance."

"O, yes," replied the clerk. "In this business we soon learn to size a man up. Will you have your trunk sent to your room, Mr. —er—Dumley?"

"No, I haven't any baggage. I only expect to be in town a day or so."

"Four dollars, please."

"Dearest, I love you. Fly with me," said a base ball player to his best girl. "I would," said the fair one, "only it would never be a success." "Why not?" "Well, you know, you are always caught on a fly, and—" But he rang his gong and fled.

New York has three State prisons—at Auburn, Clinton, Sing Sing. The total number of convicts is gradually decreasing year by year, although the population is increasing. Sing Sing has sixty-four prisoners serving life sentences.

The land in a highway belongs half and half to the owners of the adjoining land, and may be used in any way by such owners not prejudicial to the practically sole right vested in the public, namely the right of passage.

An Illinois judge has decided that cider is intoxicating. Everybody who has ever sucked hard cider through a straw knows that, but what a blow it will be to many prohibitionists to find it out.

The Smith family of New Jersey, he'd their annual reunion at the headquarters of the Karitan river recently. There were 3,000 Smiths—including 679 plain John Smiths—present.

Temperance.

Great Britain keeps a wholesale account of the amount of money spent by her people for drink and the statistics have recently been published. The expenditure in 1885 was about \$616,000,000, or \$15,000,000 less than in 1884.

The world is full of suffering, but my deepest pity is reserved for womanhood realizing the dreadful fate of the victim of the Tuscan tyrant—a loving, sensitive and delicate life fastened to the rotting death of drunkenness. —[John G. Whitte r.]

There is a parish in Louisiana where prohibition is enforced and they use the jail for storing corn. Better store corn in the jail and let men be free than to convert it into whisky and store the whisky in the men and the men with the whisky in the jail. —[Chicago Leader.]

A Milwaukee paper reports that in that city there is one saloon to every 25 voters, and as half the people do not drink, every 13 drunkards must support one saloon. This suggests the question: "How many women take in washing to support the 13 drunkards who support each saloon?"

It is said a Massachusetts manufacturer, who employs 700 men in the small town where his factories are located, recently presented each man with a new \$10 bill which he had previously marked for identification. The second day afterward 410 of these bills had been deposited in the various banks by saloon keepers, and in consequence the workmen are said to have organized a temperance society.

The success of prohibition does not mean the total extinction of drunkenness, but its reduction to a minimum. Murder is prohibited, but it is not totally prevented; so with other crimes. Prohibition is a success if it reduces drunkenness lower than other methods. In every state where it has been tried this result has been attained. That is why the "fanatics" are bent on having it in Missouri. —[Rev. W. H. Black, St. Louis.]

Genuine temperance sentiment is essential to the obtaining and enforcing of prohibition laws. Temperance workers should not, therefore, direct their whole attention to securing legislation, but should discuss temperance principles in all their bearings. They should labor not only to keep liquor away from the people, but the people away from liquor. A man who doesn't drink liquor simply because he can not get it is a drunkard at heart and needs conversion. —[Holston Methodist.]

Lincoln county has just given a majority of over 200 in favor of prohibition. There was a hot fight all along the line on both sides, and the victory is really a grand one for the prohibitionists. The hardest part of the battle, however, is yet to come.—It is one thing to enact a law and it is another to enforce it. A law not enforced is worse than no law, because the non enforcement of a law brings the whole law into contempt. We have fought the battle in this county, and may say, have won the victory both ways. Prohibition here prohibits. It has been at a great cost but it is worth the money. If any one doubts this, let him come here and take a look at our criminal docket of the last five and he will be convinced. —[Williamsburg Times.]

Brokers' Technicalities.

A bull is one who operates to raise the value of stocks, that he may buy for a rise. A bear is one who sells stocks for future delivery, which he does not own at the time of sale.

A corner is when the bears can not buy or borrow the stock to deliver in fulfillment of their contracts.

Overloaded is when the bulls can not take and pay for the stock they have purchased.

Short is when a person or party sells stock when they have none, and expect to buy or borrow in time to deliver.

Long is when a person or party has a plentiful supply of stocks.

A pool or ring is a combination formed to control the price of stocks.

A broker is said to carry stocks for his customer when he has bought and is holding it for his account.

A wash is a pretended sale by special agreement between buyer and seller, for the purpose of getting a quotation reported.

A put and call is when a person gives so much per cent. for the option of buying or selling so much stock on a certain fixed day, at a price fixed the day the option is given.

To measure lumber multiply the length in feet by the width in inches, and divide by 12. When of varying width find average width by taking half sum of end widths, and proceed as before. Thus a piece of lumber, 16 feet long, 10 inches wide at one end and 26 inches wide at the other, would have—10 and 26 are 36; one half is eighteen inches, average width; multiply by 16 and divide by 12, equals 24 feet.

RIPENING TOMATOES.—Where vines have grown at will and without support the first fruit set is apt to rot before ripening. A green tomato if fully grown will become colored and fairly good if plucked and kept in a warm place by a sunny window or by the fire. It is the heat which causes the fruit to change either on or off the vine and often when nights are cool the tomato is less chilled in the house than out of doors.

An effort is being made to throw the entire weight of the Methodist Church in favor of prohibition, in the coming elections throughout the country.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—E. W. Lillard bought of J. C. Robinson a brick store room on the public square for \$5,500 cash.

—The ladies of the Fork Church, who gave a sacred concert at that place several weeks ago, will present a repetition of same next Friday evening.

—Praise the Lord! Brother Barnes will begin his meeting here next Monday, Oct. 4 b. He will preach at the Opera House, in case the court house is occupied.

—Miss Ella Barker, of Nicholasville, is visiting Mrs. W. O. Rigney. Miss Fannie Harrison, a Lebanon beauty, is the guest of Miss Lida Jennings. Congressman James B. McCreary was in town Monday, mingling with his many friends.

—Lancaster friends have received invitations to the marriage of Miss Maud Duckworth and Mr. Henry L. Quisenberry, at Winchester, next Wednesday. Miss Duckworth was a popular pupil at Garrard Female College two years ago.

—The annual convention of the W. C. T. U., which was in session here last week was quite well attended and is said to have been one of the most interesting ones ever held in State. A number of celebrated workers were present who lectured each afternoon and evening.

—Amelia Embury didn't know it was loaded when she pointed a pistol at Charlie Owens' 3 year old child Sunday evening. The weapon was discharged and the ball went crashing through the brain of the little one, causing injuries which will likely prove fatal. The parties are colored.

—Mr. M. D. Hughes has sold the fixtures, good will, &c., of the Central Kentucky News to Ben Mullins, of this county, for \$1,000. Mr. Wm. A. Mullins, a son of the purchaser, will take charge of the paper and continue publication as a democratic organ. Mr. Mullins is a graduate of the Ohio State Normal School and well fitted to become a newspaper man. Here's hoping he may succeed. In retiring from journalism, Mr. Hughes does so with the hearty good will of all with whom he has been thrown in contact. To your correspondent has he especially been obliging, and his kindness will never be forgotten.

While a circus was parading at Kingston, Canada, recently, a wagon containing a den of lions was overturned and the top of the den knocked off. A fire was built around the cage to keep the lions in until repairs were made, and then the wagon was righted by the aid of two elephants.

Thirty-two hundred babies are born in the United States every day, but a man never thinks of the other 3,199 when he is confined in a railroad car with a cherub that wants to see if it is possible to howl louder than the engine can whistle.

One colored preacher in the South prayed with great earnestness upon the arrival of a well known brother in the field: "O Lord, 'noint dis yer dear brudder wid de kerosene oil of salbrashun and set him on fire."

The best way to clean a chromo, Ethel, is to lay it in soak in turpentine overnight and then hang it before an open fire to dry. Hang it close, Ethel; hang it close. Push one corner under the grate a couple of inches. —[Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.]

Women's milk is sold on the streets in some of the Cairo cities for the sustenance of infants and old people, it being believed peculiarly nourishing to aged persons.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Calluses, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

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Penny & McAllister can always be relied upon not only to carry in stock the best of everything but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affliction of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free. (1)

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1886 THE COURIER-JOURNAL. 1886

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O. & M.

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,

JAMES B. MCUREARY.

Of Madison.

THAT noble old Roman, Senator Thurman, in a speech acknowledging a sermon at Cincinnati, said among other things that he would never again hold office of any kind whatever. Referring to the strength of his democracy he added: "I am fast traveling down the shady side and will soon be numbered among the past. But when I am dead and gone, my friends, when I am laid away in my resting place, if any of you should ever stumble over my grave, I hope that you may stop and think that there lies a man who was always a democrat and whose every desire and hope were for democratic success. My public record, I think, will bear me out in that; and I know this, that when my last sun sets I will see it through democratic eyes."

LAST February Wilbur Wilson playfully pointed a gun at his friend, John Breathitt, when the weapon was discharged, killing him instantly. Wilson was indicted for involuntary manslaughter and a trial at Hopkinsville the jury completely surprised him and his counsel by bringing in a verdict of three months' imprisonment and \$250 fine. The result would have been more gratifying if the penalty had been ten times as severe, though so far as example is concerned it would be valueless. Impious idiots who point weapons at people would have their silly fun if the penalty was immediate death.

A CHILDLESS woman of New York, who had centered her whole affections upon a poodle, lost the little nuisance by death last week and like to have lost her own life by the shock of grief that it produced. She could not bear the idea of having the body thrown into the ash-barrel, so she procured a handsome rosewood coffin, with handles of solid silver and a plate of the same metal bearing the dog's name and the date of his death and actually had it buried in her own lot in the cemetery.

THE red hot fight for the democratic nomination for Congress in the Louisville district between Willis and Caruth has been temporarily closed by the failure of Mr. Willis' voice. It would break down any man's voice trying to explain such inexplicable things as he endeavors to do. All the signs are to the effect that his voice will not be needed in the next Congress, however. In other words a mugwump will make way for a democrat.

THE Trade and Labor Assembly in Louisville started to investigate the justice of the sentence of the Chicago anarchists, but after consulting about the matter, very wisely decided to let it alone. The courts have found the rescuers guilty and labor unions and what not should accept the verdict without question. Any other course must bring their associations into popular contempt.

AN exchange very neatly calls attention to the unfulfilled prediction of the republicans that should Cleveland be elected the colored people would be put back into slavery and the rebel war debt be paid. When Cleveland is re-nominated, as he will and should be, the opposition will have to invent other and more plausible lies than these have proved.

It looks like young Rhea will down Haleell for the nomination for Congress in the 3d district after all. The vote now so far as can be counted shows him in the lead, but the convention at Franklin is to settle the matter, and in such bodies the longest pole, unless there is plenty of lucre at the end, does not always knock the permutation.

WIGGINS, finding that his prediction of death and destruction was scaring weak-minded people into fits, is trying to wiggle out of it by saying no danger may be feared this side of the equator. That's all right. The people on the other side are more used to be shaken up than we and can stand it better; at least we prefer them to try it.

THE Hon. George M. Thomas, who was nominated for Congress in the 9th district, has not yet signified his consent to run. Without the hope of reward in a good, fat office as formerly, republican candidates are not half so spry as they once were. They don't want to get brow-beaten and hopelessly defeated for nothing.

A NEATLY-TURNED paragraph complimentary of us and none the less appreciated because it was unexpected, appears in the last issue of the *Jessamine Journal*, now owned and edited by Mr. J. M. Kerr, who is constantly demonstrating his ability to fill both positions.

THE readers of the *Louisville Times*, and they are legion, will be delighted to learn that Mr. Young E. Allison, one of the brightest of men and most pleasing of writers, has taken the position of editorial writer on that able and always interesting sheet.

BETWEEN Gov. Knott and Brother Barnes, Falcon manages to work off his accumulation of bile, which could only be engendered by the frequent potations of a very mean quality. It is a pity that a man who can write so beautifully, should put his talents to so poor a use.

Gen. "Roney" Lee was nominated for Congress in the 8th Virginia district. He is the youngest son of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

FRIENDS of that Chesterfield politician, Col. Thomas L. Jones, will regret to hear that his health is permanently broken and that he will likely appear no more upon the hustings. The Colonel was never the most brilliant of men, but he combined with some good horse sense an urbanity and gentleness of manner that bespoke him the thoroughbred gentleman. Of late years he has been unfortunate in realizing his ambitions and his failure is supposed to be the cause in part of his present deplorable condition.

A CORONER's jury in California returned a verdict after "setting on" a man killed in a gambling house, that he came to his death from lead poisoning. This is capping the climax with a vengeance.

A MERCHANT in Mt. Sterling, who was considered pretty solid, has just made an assignment, with liabilities stated at \$25,000, and his assets at \$32. He evidently understands the business.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Sixteen thousand saloons are visible from Trinity spire, New York.

—Forty-five miners were killed by an explosion of fire damp in Germany.

—The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows will meet next time in Columbus, O.

—Judge Jackson's U. S. Court will begin its fall session in Louisville next Monday.

—The Cincinnati Board of Public Works is under arrest for stealing \$15,000 from the city.

—The contractors have already begun to lay the rails on the Mammoth Cave railroad.

—Henry George has been nominated for mayor of New York by the Central Labor Union.

—Senator Voorhees thinks that a democratic legislature is certain to be elected in Indiana.

—Gen. Cheatham's widow has been appointed to fill out his term as Postmaster at Nashville.

—Senator Kenna says that West Virginia will send an unbroken democratic delegation to Congress this fall.

—Seventeen negro prisoners at the Palatka, Fla., jail, killed Jailer Perry and escaped. Troops are in pursuit.

—The Minnesota democrat, in the hope of purging the politics of his State, have nominated a doctor for Governor.

—A ladder fell on Green Ingram, a colored man, at work on W. C. Owens' new house at Somerset and killed him.

—The next triennial convocation of the Knights Templar will be held at Washington the second week in October 1889.

—John J. Orr, cashier of the Louisville Awning Company, stole \$4,700 and skipped to Canada, but was brought back.

—George Bartholomew, president of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Co., has defaulted for \$127,000 and fled to Canada.

—Lute Fogle, who shot Lynch O'Connor to death at Lexington, was held in \$1,000 by Judge Matt Walton for manslaughter.

—Midway suffered a cyclone Thursday night, which blew down and unroofed many houses, including the large L. & N. depot.

—The orange crop of Louisiana is nearly a total failure and the shipment will fall below a million against 50,000,000 in good years.

—The report is current at Mt. Sterling that Z. T. Young, of Rowan county notoriety, died suddenly of heart disease at Elliott County Court.

—To settle up the estate of Isaac Caldwell, who owned a half interest, the Alexander Hotel, Louisville, will be sold at auction October 11.

—Ten young men have been admitted to the ministry of the Methodist Church South by the Louisville Conference, now in session at Russellville.

—Five inch hailstones descended with terrific fury at Madison, Wis., smashing every exposed window in the town. One establishment lost 4,000.

—The official announcement is made that the day appointed for the inauguration of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty at New York will be October 23.

—A colony of 2,000 Wisconsin people have been granted 15,000 acres of land by the Mexican government and will go thither as soon as practicable.

—Sir Knight W. LaRue Thomas, of Lexington, was elected Grand Captain General of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the United States.

—It is said that of the 4,700 men who followed Martin Irons in his strike on the Gould system of railroads in the southwest only 200 have since obtained employment.

—The date of execution of Walter Lenox Maxwell, the St. Louis trunk murderer, has been postponed for 60 days in order to permit an appeal to be made to the Supreme Court.

—It is reported that Dr. Chennault, Superintendent of the Lexington Lunatic Asylum, is to step down and out and Dr. Clark, the assistant at the Anchorage Asylum, is to take his place.

—Charles Peyton and Hiram Gratz got to shooting at Midway over a woman, when a ball from one of their pistols struck an old negro man who was sitting in his doorway and mortally wounded him.

—Near Nicholasville the body of an unknown negro was found near Windom. His throat had been cut, and there were evidences of a fierce struggle. No one knew him, nor could he be identified.

—The recent discoveries made by archaeologists are among the most interesting ever recorded. Mr. Marter, of Rome, has proved by skulls in Etruscan tombs that as far back as 600 B. C. dentistry was a science and that false teeth were used by those who had lost their own.

—The statement of the mortality in Louisville for the year just closed shows that there were 2,722 deaths, more than half as usual being from consumption and the next largest number from pneumonia.

—The Treasury officials have recommended that the \$75,000 tax due by John G. Roach, of Louisville, on 1,834 barrels of whisky destroyed by fire at the Rich distillery at Uniontown in 1884, be remitted.

—Up to this time the democrats have made 193 Congressional nominations and the republicans 149. Over 50 democrats have been replaced by new men, and over thirty republicans have been put away to rest.

—A call for a National convention of distillers, brewers and wholesale and retail wine, spirit and beer dealers, has been made to meet in Chicago, October 18th, to consider the growing question of prohibition.

—Springfield boasts of the largest woman in Central Kentucky. She is 21 years of age, 5 feet high, 5 feet 4 around the waist, arm 24 inches at shoulder, wrist 15½ inches, calf of leg 28 inches, and weighs 650 pounds.

—John Tribble, a prominent citizen of Madison, committed suicide because of financial embarrassment. He took six grains of strychnine and walked around talking with his family before he lay down to die no more.

—Much excitement was created at Russellville Saturday by the discovery near that place of the decomposed body of Ben F. Stroud, who last July attempted to kill Wm. Newhall and Tim Mahoney, of the O. & N. railroad.

—A case of wholesale poisoning is reported from Arkansas, about a dozen persons being poisoned by water from a well in which Rough on Rats had been placed. A feud, growing out of a divorce case, was the cause of the crime.

—Prof. McGee, the Washington seismologist, says that no attention should be paid to Wiggins' absurd and unscientific prophecy of an earthquake. Wiggins' former prediction of dire calamity failed signally to materialize; so do not become alarmed.

—The Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry will hold its 11th annual reunion at the battle field of Perryville, October 8. Gen. W. H. Gibson and Gen. John Beatty will be the orators of the day, and it is also expected that Gen. Sherman will be present.

—Commissioner of Pensions Black's report of the operations of the Pension Bureau for the fiscal year shows that there are 395,783 pensioners on the rolls, composed of 265,854 army invalids, 80,162 army widows, minor children and dependent relatives; 2,953 navy invalids, 1,878 navy widows, minor children &c.; 1,539 survivors of the war of 1812 and 13,387 widows in that war. The amount paid for pensions during the year was \$63,767,831.

—The late Israel Spencer, of Syracuse, invented a few novelties in defalcation. Instead of dabbling in yachts and fast nags, like Gray, of Boston, and then blowing out his brains on discovery; or instead of placing himself at the mercy of an inquisitive cashier, like Bartholomew, he just lived quietly, looked solemn all the time, kept his own books and died in the odor of sanctity. It took a year and a half to find out that he had taken a slice of \$100,000 out of some trust funds.

—There are on the rolls 1,539 persons drawing pensions as survivors of the war of 1812. The treaty of peace which closed that war was signed Dec. 24, 1814—72 years ago next December. It is fair to suppose that those soldiers were at least 18 when they enlisted, which would now make them 90 years old or over, even if they enlisted at the very close of the war. The United States had in that war all told some 50,000 men, so that more than one-fifth of 1 per cent. of this entire army was living and drawing pensions for their services 72 years ago after the close of the war.

BURDETTE ON THE KEELEY MOTOR.—"What seest thou in the misty future, oh mighty seer?" "I see what is to be and will be. I see the dawning centuries brighten and fade. The drifting sands cover the Washington monument and the public buildings have crumbled under the corroding finger of time. A thousand years and another thousand. I see an old man, white-haired and lonely, with the light of patient hope in his dim old eyes. He is trying to compress a pint of water into a half pint tin cup with a lemon squeezer and a potato-masher. It is Keeley and his motor, and he says he will make the final test next week."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Tom Scott, of Waco, Texas, had a rather unusual experience recently. He went to see his mother, who is 60 years old and resides in a neighboring town. On arriving at his home he found that the old lady had eloped with a man half her age. When Mr. Scott returned to his own home he was paralyzed by the information that his wife had gone with a handsome man. Then there was music in the air.—[Texas Siftings.]

A wonderful shoe, manufactured for a young lady somewhere on the boundary line between Bourbon and Fayette, on an order of G. P. Ross, is now on exhibition in his store window. It is made of fine leather and is No. 21. It will inclose an ankle of rare beauty that will measure nearly two feet in circumference and a foot the size of a 14-pound ham.—[Lexington Press.]

It is said that it would be perfectly safe now to trust any Charleston dandy with even untold watermelons, and some of them have even returned to their owners indelicately-obtained chickens.

A lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instantly. "Sit down," said the mother. "I won't," he shouted, "I want to see the monkey."—[Christian at Work.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY

—Mrs. Bessie M. Sumrall, wife of Judge J. K. Sumrall, died Friday evening at the family residence, in this county, of heart trouble. She had been in rather delicate health for a year past, and while spending the summer at Chautauqua was prostrated with the disease which ultimately caused her death. Her last illness began about a week ago, and became so violent that her condition has been regarded as almost hopeless for several days. People who left Danville years ago will remember her as Miss Bessie Moore. Much of the remarkable beauty and all the grace of her girlhood days remained with her to the end. She was a daughter of the late Collins Moore. Her aged mother, her husband, two sons, and a little daughter survive her.

A Chicago Love Affair.

"My marriage was a very romantic one," said a Chicago gentleman at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, who is on his bridal tour. "The lady's former husband was an intimate friend of mine. He was a good fellow, but he didn't use her well. Altho' a gentleman in most respects, he was so unfortunate as to have the drinking habit and occasionally while in liquor he raised the deuce in the domestic circle. Both he and the lady were accustomed to come to me for advice after these affairs. 'Get a divorce,' says I at last. 'Agreed,' says they and they shook hands on it. Then they separated, pending the result of the legal proceedings. I visited the lady in her retirement several times. 'Frank,' said the husband, 'don't you think you had better not call on Lizzie while this divorce business is in progress?' 'Why, Bob,' says I, 'what the mischief have you to do with the matter?' 'I don't like it,' says he. 'But,' says I, 'as she's getting a divorce from you and you are consenting, what difference can it make to you who calls on her?' 'Frank,' said he, looking me straight in the eye, 'do you mean to marry Lizzie?' 'Well, Bob,' says I, 'the idea never occurred to me before, but now that you suggest it, I don't know but what I will. Do you think she will be likely to favor the idea herself?' 'I'm blessed,' continued the Chicago man, if the fellow didn't begin to fight the divorce from that minute. We downed him, of course, but he's still cool and even refused to attend the wedding. However, when we get home my wife will manage to smooth him down. She knows his ways, you understand. There's nothing so painful to me as a break in an old friendship, and we both really like Bob very well, in spite of his faults.'—[San Francisco Post.]

A Campaign Lie.

Last Sunday Congressman McCreary, of Kentucky, was crossing the Kentucky river at Boonesboro, on his way to Lexington, and when the ferry-boat reached the shore it swung away just as he was driving off, and Congressman, horse and buggy, went down into the stream. The men on the ferry rushed to the rescue and soon took the entire rig in out of the wet, and the trembling and excited ferryman grabbed his dripping passenger.

"Are you hurt, Governor? Are you hurt?" he asked over and over again. "Oh, no," said the Governor, with a soothing smile, "not a particle. I don't think a drop of water got into my mouth." "Thank God!" exclaimed the ferryman, fervently, as he handed him over a black bottle.—[Washington Critic.]

Berlin papers copy the account of an important discovery in glass manufacture made by Friedrich Siemens, of Dresden. He has succeeded in casting glass in the same way that metal is cast, and obtaining an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all the flaws can be detected before it is applied to practical use. It will be much less exposed to injury from atmospheric influences than iron. The process of production is not difficult, the chief feature being rapid cooling. The hardness and resisting power of this cast glass are so great that experiments are being just now carried out at the Siemens Glass Foundry at Dresden with the purpose of ascertaining whether the material could be employed for rails on railways.—[N. Y. Post.]

Every practical farmer who has grown potatoes has probably learned that they keep much better in cool, well-drained underground cellars, than in warm well-lighted apartments. Potatoes should be dug in fair weather, and lay exposed to the air until all moisture has been dried from them before picking them up and carting to the bins, the bottoms of which should be raised slightly from the bottom of the cellar, so as to permit a circulation of the air beneath, particularly if the cellar bottom is damp. Shallow bins, not exceeding three feet in depth, are safer than deeper ones, as there is less liability of the potatoes heating when stored in such.

John Robbins, a barber of Lafayette, Ind., found the bartender asleep in the saloon that he frequented, and thought it would be a good joke to take the cash drawer and hide it, and thus scare him. But the sleeper happened to awake just as John had the drawer in his hands, and, not seeing any joke, had him arrested, and the jury that tried him was also deficient in humor and convicted him, and he was sentenced to a year in penitentiary. His friends are trying to get a pardon, as it is pretty clear that he really had no idea of stealing the money.

A book agent wandered into a museum in New York, and talked to a wax figure of General Jackson three hours, trying to induce him to subscribe for a work in 142 parts, price 50c each—no subscription taken for less than the entire work. "Well," he said, as he turned to go, "if you didn't want it, why didn't you say so two hours ago?"

Children Cry

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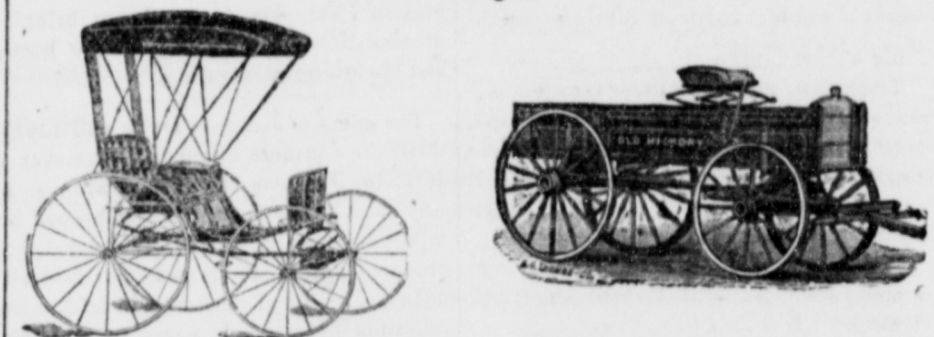
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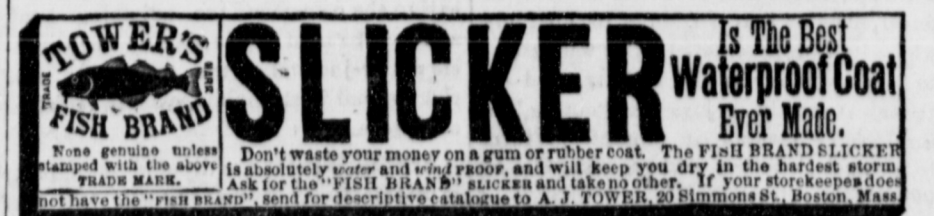
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DOLLARS FOR DIMPLES.

SOME OF THE TRIUMPHS OF ART OVER NATURE.

Maidens Made Beautiful by Painful Operations—Noses Remodeled and Artificial Eyelashes Inserted—Difficulties of Dimple Making.

"Every one who desires beauty may possess it to a certain extent in these days of invention," said a curious little man, who has a small workshop in one of the side streets up town, where he carries on a rather peculiar and novel trade.

"Noses are remodeled," he continued, "fingers made to taper, insteps to arch, and my work, that of making dimples and long eyelashes, has added the finishing touches. A handsome face without a dimple is as lost to real beauty as a potato without salt is lost to taste. I have but recently set up my establishment here, but in the few months of my sojourn here I have transformed many a plain girl into a dimpled beauty, and added eyelashes as long as an inch to the bare eyelids of a few others."

"Is the operation of having an artificial dimple made very painful?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, I should think so, because a piece of the flesh is taken right out of the chin or cheek, and that operation is not painless; but I have known girls to stand the operation without a murmur, when they would scream at the sight of a mouse, and faint if a spider touched them. Women will suffer a great deal of agony for the sake of beauty, and a girl knows that a charming dimple will add ten times to her attractiveness and will also be a lasting beauty if it is only rightly made."

DIMPLES TO ORDER.

Just then a timid knock was heard on the door, and in walked a damsel of 20, beautiful as Venus, with four or five of the loveliest dimples showing in her round cheeks and chin as she smiled prettily at the maker of these charms. Surely she had not come for artificial dimples.

"I wanted to show you how well the dimples were getting on," she said, in a low tone. "You see, at first I thought that they could not possibly amount to anything—they were so sore and looked so disagreeable; but now I think they are lovely," and she smiled at her own reflection in a large mirror opposite, and then smiled again with delight as the dimples came.

The dimple maker made a careful examination of the little dimples, and after paying a bill of \$100 cash, the young lady departed.

"How much do you charge to make a dimple?" was asked.

"Well, that depends greatly on the person, whether the skin is tough and hard, and other accidents. My lowest charge for a single dimple is \$15, but when I make several on one face the bill is of course somewhat reduced. It takes about two weeks to make a proper dimple. First I must get the cuticle in proper condition; then the operation, removing a part of the flesh and putting back the skin in its place, is accomplished, and that is of course the most difficult part of the process. About ten days are required to completely heal the dimple, and during that time the patient must be very careful not to smile at all or the dimple may be entirely ruined."

"What kind of people come to me to have dimples made?"

"Every kind, almost, although you would not think so. I had a lady of 45 years yesterday, and she gave me an order for two dimples, one in the chin and one in her left cheek. She expects, I rather think, that they will aid her matrimonial prospects. Then I had a nurse maid last week who paid me \$15 for a handsome dimple in her left cheek. The majority of my patients are, however, young girls who consider themselves handsome, but not bewitching enough."

ARTIFICIAL EYELASHES.

The reporter noticed several boxes filled with short curls of hair, some jet black and others a golden brown.

"I get that hair from the barber shops," he said in answer to an inquiry. "It comes from the curly pate of some young fellow and is then used by me to make long curling lashes on some fair maiden."

It may not be amiss to suppose that a young lady might be wearing her lover's hair for eyelashes, and he be none the wiser.

Making long eyelashes is a much more delicate and dangerous operation than making a dimple. "I seldom disturb the under lid," said the little man, "because it is apt to injure the eye. First I remove the old eyelashes one by one, and as each one comes out I put in its place a long curling one; then when they are all in I trim them off evenly and put a little vaseline about the edges. If the lashes are not there at all I have to puncture little holes in the lid to insert new ones, and then the operation is far more painful and requires greater skill."

As the reporter rose to take leave a young lady of handsome appearance entered the room. She had auburn hair, a snowy complexion, and would have been beautiful but that her blue eyes were shaded by lashes almost white.

"I want to know," she said, "if I could have dark lashes put into my eyelids in place of these."

"Yes, madam, I can do that," said the little dimple maker, "but it will be a painful operation. The cost? Well, \$1 for each eyelash. I would not attempt to touch the under ones, but you can easily keep them darkened with a little vaseline."

The bargain was made, the young lady agreed to come next day for the operation and left happy.—New York Journal.

Diseases of Mountainous Mexico.

In that section known as the tierra colorada a very curious but harmless cutaneous affection prevails, here known as quicrura, which causes people to appear spotted, as if painted all over the face and body in huge polka dots, and hence the natives are dubbed Pintos, or "painted people." That much dreaded mental disease, known to the world as cretinism, is as alarmingly prevalent in the mountain valleys of Guerrero as in some portions of Switzerland. In Europe the disease is rarely encountered at a higher altitude than 3,000 feet, and chiefly haunts those valleys that are surrounded by high, steep walls of rock, that exclude the light and limit free circulation of air; but in Guerrero it appears to be confined to no fixed elevation or special configuration of soil. Goitre is often found in connection with it here, as in the lower Alpine valleys, not only of Switzerland and Italy, but of the Pyrenees, Syria, India and China.—Fannie B. Ward in Boston Transcript.

New York's Blind Poor.

New York city every year appropriates \$20,000 for the relief of the blind poor. A list of blind residents is kept, and a card sent to them when an appropriation is made, when they go to the office of the superintendent of outdoor poor and receive their money. If any of these pensioners behave badly, after remonstrance, they are cut off from the benefit of the appropriation for the year.—Chicago Herald.

The editor's chief recreation in the summer time is the perusal of circulars and pamphlets describing the beauties of vacation resorts.—Lowell Citizen.

CHERUBS OF THE HOTELS.

Uncanny Ways of the Mature Children of the Town—Juvenile Wretchedness.

There is something uncanny about these mature children of the town. I was at the Windsor hotel at dinner with some friends a short time ago when a pompous little woman strode down the long dining room, followed by two little girls hand in hand. Neither of them was more than 9 years old. They settled themselves in their chairs, folded their skinny little hands and then proceeded to stare about them and comment upon their fellow-diners. The elder of the two children, after looking intently at a maiden lady of rather noticeable attire at an adjoining table, turned to her mother and said composedly:

"What a really startling old frump that is, mamma!"

"Which one, dear?" asked the strict disciplinarian of a mother.

"The cheerful guy beside the bald-headed man over there."

"Oh, yes," said the mother, with a well-bred smile, "I've seen her before. But don't be so slangy, Marion. Have more tone. Order your dinner now and see that you behave and lamb alone. It's too rich for you."

Then to the waiter: "Take her order, Augustine."

The waiter leaned obsequiously over the child, who was studying the menu with a frown on her little face.

"No soup, Ogeest," she said intently, "but a bit of weakfish with egg sauce, and a kidney omelette—not fat, you know, but nice and puffy—and artichokes."

"Ver' sorry, Mees Maryon, but there is no artichoke."

"There, I thought so," said the girl, slamming the card down on the table and biting her thin lips. "It's the most provoking thing! Whenever I set my heart—"

"We have some green corn—"

"Eat it yourself!" said the child in a huff.

The waiter was quite unmoved. He seemed to be accustomed to such childishness of temper and went on suavely taking the orders of the others, while Miss Marion sat the picture of over-dressed, pampered and pouting discontent.

And the children of the flats. Who ever hears of these shy and melancholy little beings who speak in whispers and have been bullied, reprimanded and scolded by servants, tenants, janitors and parents until they glide about in shadows and dare not laugh for fear of disturbing some one? The joyousness and life of childhood have been crushed out of them. And the children of the boarding house, who live under a perpetual protest from the grim and snappy landlady and the testy boarder of the "first floor front," who must have the house quiet so as to enjoy her afternoon nap. Nearly every boarding house that advertises now puts forth the flat "No children," and the little ones who are thoroughly cowed that they are as pitiful in mind as in body. Then there are the children of the tenements and the slums. There is no end to juvenile wretchedness here. For a place that children should be kept out of, commend me to New York.—Blackly Hall's New York Letter.

Heating a Hotel Keeper.

A friend of mine the other day came to settle for his night's lodging at a bedbuggy little hole in the wall near the railway station here in Neuchatel called the Hotel des Alpes. In addition to the charge for apartment, service, lights, etc., was the item, "Un déjeuner." I will put into plain English that which followed:

"But I didn't order any breakfast."

"That was no fault of the house, monsieur."

"Do you mean to tell me that you wish to charge me for breakfast I neither ordered nor ate?"

"The breakfast was prepared all the same, monsieur."

"You pretend that you provide a regular table d'hôte breakfast every morning and charge for it whether your guests take it or not?"

"Yes, monsieur. See the menu! Here it is, and the firm, yet polite, landlord produced his regular 'a la carte.' My friend turned it upside down. Then he carefully perused it. Then he said:

"How much of this do you serve as your regular breakfast?"

"Anything you like, monsieur."

"Very well. Receipt the bill, and as I am to pay for a breakfast, please God I will eat it. Bring me a fillet of beef with mushrooms, a little chicken grille, a run omelet and a pint of Chablis. I shall wait over until the next train."

Mine host of the Hotel des Alpes looked first stupefied and then disgusted, and, finally grasping the situation, he ran into his office, altered his bill in conformity with the facts, and hurrying back, cried: "Here, monsieur, here is your bill quite correct—six francs thirty-five centimes—and you will just have time to catch your train."—Henry Watterson in Courier-Journal.

How They Work It.

"People get off a great many very ancient jokes about the big diamonds worn by hotel clerks," remarked a salesman at the Hotel Anderson last night, "and as a result most persons have gotten the idea into their heads that those same diamonds are nothing but big chunks of paste."

"Do you wish the great reading public to infer that they are anything else?"

"I do, just that. Most of the diamonds worn by hotel clerks are genuine. Only last week, while I was at Atlantic City, I found a hotel clerk from whose breast one of the largest and purest diamonds I ever saw glittered. But, of course, he didn't pay for it, and, to tell the truth, it didn't belong to him."

"It didn't belong to him?"

"No, my dear boy, it didn't. He was wearing it for an advertisement. A great many jewelry firms advertise their goods in just that way. Almost any watering place you may go to you will see the hotel clerks blazoning with diamonds that will make your eyes bulge out. It's a good dodge for the jeweler and it pleases the clerk."

"Well, it don't cost anything to let a clerk wear a diamond a few months, and during that time rich visitors are sure to inquire about the stone, ask where it was purchased, and so on. The clerk of course tells what he knows, and then recommends the visitor to go there, and then gives him a card of introduction to the proprietor—see!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Colored Men Made to Order."

One of the oddities of a Parisian journal is this advertisement: "A factory in Belleville produces within a few days artificial negroes. The metamorphosis, which is entirely harmless, is caused by iodine. It opens a brilliant future to young men, as black servants, circus negroes, etc., are always in demand. Prices low and payment easy. Curling irons for the manufacture of woolly hair always kept on hand."—Boston Journal.

Stage Rules in France.

Miss Helen Dauvray says: "French audiences lose interest in the play during the half-hour intervals between the acts. In my own theatre I shall never allow an actress more than nine minutes to change her dress, or a carpenter more than eight to set the stage."

We need the money due for subscription and would be obliged to all in arrears to remit at once.

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UMBRELLA FIENDS.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF WELL KNOWN NUISANCES.

A Man's Character Shown by the Way He Carries His Umbrella—The Obnoxious and Dangerous "Jabber"—Swells, Grangers and Fat Man.

A man often shows his character by the way he carries his umbrella. If he is absent-minded he will lug it by the top of the handle, careless of whether it is folded or flapping, and indifferent if it trails behind him upon the pavement. He may be bustling, hurrying, in high spirits, and if so he frequently twirls his umbrella in circles from the wrist as he spins down the street. If he is fat he uses his umbrella as a cane or parasol; if he is a clergyman he carries it limply before him; if he is angry he grasps it by the handle as if it were a club; and if he is a dude he pokes the ferrule in front of him until it strikes the pavement, and as he passes on twitches it forward again.

One of the most familiar of the umbrella-carrying species is the "jabber" or "shover." He lugs his parasol under his arm, with the ferrule straight out behind and the handle right in front. He pokes off more hats, rents more stomachs, gouges more ribs and jabs more spines as he walks along than one could stake a stick at in a week. He never stops to see who he has punched. Not he. With his lips compressed as tightly as the lid of an iron chest, he goes on, frowning, bumping into passers-by, and with an air that seems to say: "If you don't get out of the way you'll be hurt." He is generally old and thin, but sometimes he has not reached middle age. The public abhors him, and he is a nuisance. The Ko-Ko most incessantly omitted from his famous list.

THE MILITARY SWELL.

The heavy military swell is another interesting umbrella carrier. His chest sticks out like a pouter pigeon's, his new plug hat glitters like Day & Martin's blacking. His pantaloons are the newest, his frock coat the tightest, his mustache the waxiest and his glare the most crooked seen on the promenade. He carries the umbrella by his side a good deal as if it were a sword, sticking closely to his portly figure. It is a soldierly act. Even his trachea couldn't deny that. Behold him, with his dandy parasol at an angle of forty-five degrees, close to his ribs, as he strides along in true military step, the admiration and envy of every helmeted policeman on the beat and the butt for vulgar jokes from every barefooted passing newboy.

Then there is the countryman from way back, who lugs his venerable rain-distributor with him when he goes over to Ridgeway park. See him on the boat! His back is toward us, and his ancient, faded, blue parachute is outlined beside him. He carries it like a hoe, and a hoe that he doesn't care much about. Its crookes are worn by weather, its handle is painted, but the paint has worn away. He is an emblem of the hazyed regions, and so is his parasol, which he clings to with a grip like the grip of destiny. He may not lug his umbrella with much grace, but when he gets to Ridgeway park it will be there with him; and, no matter how many times he "saves his life" with the island beer, he will hang on to his rain protector, and go back with it to his home among the corn patches and wheat fields.

THE VERY FAT MAN.

It is a rare thing for the very fat man to use his umbrella except as a parasol. It wards off the sun's scorching summer rays from his round and perspiring countenance. With his pudgy hand he grasps the handle and carries the parasol over his crown, while his summer vest flaps to and fro, and the entire area of his person is covered by little rills that run into his shoes. He enjoys his umbrella more than most people. As a general thing his mouth is open, his brow of the hazyed regions, and so is his parasol, which he clings to with a grip like the grip of destiny. He may not lug his umbrella with much grace, but when he gets to Ridgeway park it will be there with him; and, no matter how many times he "saves his life" with the island beer, he will hang on to his rain protector, and go back with it to his home among the corn patches and wheat fields.

The Norfolk-jacketed young man from the cities, who carries his umbrella with him on the seashore, is a noticeable specimen of the genus of umbrella carriers. The rim of his straw hat is as stiff as the bow of a rich man to a poor relation, and his attire is faultless, for he is not a "gilded" youth! His black silk umbrella is wrapped so small and so tightly that it looks like a Cambridge walking stick. He carries it daintily and negligently in front of him, as he saunters by the sea waves, watching the wretched gambols of the maidens in the surf. He is harmless; so is his parachute. Neither of them are intended for use, and both make a combination that doesn't look at all out of place on the golden sands of the seashore, where August's sun soars so ambitiously.—Philadelphia News.

Introducing a New Brand.

The wine jobbers sometimes resort to a scheme that puts money in their pockets but keeps that of their customers long tied up in cellars. For example, a new brand of wine comes into the market. The first consideration of the jobber is how to get a run on it. The usual advertising methods are brushed aside as inadequate, and a slow, for a long boom! else it will be a losing speculation. Three good looking, well dressed gentlemen walk into a leading hotel, register as from distant and different cities and order a sumptuous dinner. The head waiter is asked to produce the wine list of the house. They scan it carefully and begin to growl. "Never saw a back-slit hotel with so meager and back-numbered a wine list. Haven't you the Marco Bozaris wine here?"

The waiter politely replies that it is not in the house if they do not find it on the list.

"Then send out for it," is the command.

"Very sorry, gentlemen, but I am not authorized to do that."

The three Marco Bozaris drinkers oratorically enlarge upon the second-class character of a hotel that does not keep "the best wine that ever was brought into New York," being careful to make their oratory and the text thereof understood by all the guests in the room. After dinner they saunter up to the office and ask the proprietor why they can't get Marco Bozaris at his tables, expatiating generally on its superior qualities, and cleverly, though boisterously, manage to leave an impression all over the house that life is of little worth without Marco Bozaris.

The next day the new brand is added to the beleaguered hotel's wine list. The other day I counted the list at dinner and found that my hotel was carrying twenty-two brands of champagne, for not above a half a dozen of which is there a call once in three months. Then I made inquiries of the steward, who told me the true story of the three oratorical advocates of Marco Bozaris.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

The Latest Thing in Watermelons.

The latest thing in melons is the "scaly bark." This is the second season for this melon, and it is extra fine. It is a dark green color, with irregular patches of a scaly appearance. It is said to be a most reliable variety, and an excellent article for shipping, on account of its keeping qualities.—New York Evening Post.

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Cured

me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, for Liver troubles and indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

By Using

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

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Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. J. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McEllan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

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my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

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